

## August 4th, 1987 by cmon\_eileen

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**Summary:**

Not that anybody asked, but here's how that Lost Boys poster may have ended up in the Losers' clubhouse.

## August 4th, 1987

*Brrring!* For the thousandth time, Bill Denbrough rang his bike bell. It was brand new, loud and sing-songy, and a shiny shade of gold that glittered like a gold coin on his handlebar. He'd received it with the bike, which was also brand new, just at the start of the summer, and over the course of the last two months alone, he and the bike, which had been christened Silver for its aluminum gleam, had become quick companions. It was a good thing to get a new one--his old bike had been the same he'd had since he was 6, and he had long outgrown it. It resided now in the Denbrough family garage, and Bill had to admit he was a little relieved not to see it end up in a yard sale or collecting dust at the local pawn shop, where grumpy old Mr. King would let it fall into disrepair. No, his old companion was tucked away for safekeeping, but just for the time being, until little Georgie Denbrough outgrew his tricycle.

At least now, mounted on Silver, who was fast enough to beat the devil, he may reach the movie theater by noon; that is if Eddie Kasprak would come out of his home.

"Eddie!" Bill shouted, assaulting the trigger of his bike bell to make it ring over and over again.

"Eddie!" Stan Uris echoed, hands cupped around his mouth as a makeshift megaphone.

"Get out here, shithead!" Richie Tozier yelled, and that seemed to be the one that did it.

Eddie came stumbling out the front door, trying to keep track of all his hands as they flew from his bike handle to the door handle to the zipper of the bright red fanny pack strung crookedly around his waist. "I had to get my inhaler, jackass!" he yelled, his voice noticeably quieting on the last word, lest his mother hear. That Tozier child was trouble, she'd said ever since Eddie had begun spending time around him, he had a dirty mouth and slacking parents. But Richie also bought Eddie ice cream when he forgot his money and told him not to worry about paying him back, and let Eddie borrow his Walkman and his tapes, which were more often

than not bands he hadn't heard of and songs he didn't know the names of but he had come to enjoy very much. And he taught Eddie new words and insults, like dickhead, or asshat, or, yes, jackass.

When he'd gotten it down onto the street, Eddie hastily mounted his bike as Richie and Bill took off, racing each other on their bikes, Bill quickly pulling ahead thanks to his quick new wheels and Richie shouting at him from a few feet behind. Stan, ever patient and long-suffering, waited for Eddie to get going, which involved awkwardly moving the kickstand out of the way with his heel and wobbling a little as he started pushing on the pedals. Although he'd never admitted it to anyone but Stan, who he knew was trustworthy enough not to laugh or tell anyone else, he'd been riding with training wheels until fairly recently, under his mother's dictatorial command.

"But I need to get back no later than seven, and I'm supposed to be wearing a helmet, and if my mom finds out we're going to see a scary movie I'll never hear the end of it," he was telling Stan, who usually ended up being on the receiving end of many of Eddie's nervous rambles, considering Richie would usually make fun of him and Bill tended to just ignore him. Stan, at least, gave the impression of listening.

"Your secrets are safe with me, Eddie Spaghetti," Stan said, using the nickname that Richie had proudly coined earlier that summer and that still made Eddie frown and roll his eyes every time. They started down the road, pushing to catch up with Bill and Richie as they sped downtown. Derry's suburbs gave way to a sunny little downtown area, buzzing with activity as people enjoyed the august sunshine. The busy main street offered everything small town America's youth could ever hope for short of a shopping mall, which itself was only a few streets away. From the arcade to the pawn shop to the pharmacy to the movie theater, which was at its best on Tuesdays, when admission was only \$1.

Bill was the first to slow to a stop in the alley next to the arcade, Stan following close behind, followed by Richie and Eddie in tow, neck and neck with each other for the last few blocks. Under some unwritten Derry rule, this was their alley, which no one else tended to wander down, and when they did, they wouldn't think twice about

four rusty bikes piled up against the brick wall. "You might want to get a bike lock for that," Stan told Bill as they walked out of the alleyway, "a shiny new bike like that is more likely to be stolen than some rusty old thing."

"You calling my ride rusty, Uris?" Richie turned around to accuse, and Stan feigned innocence, surrendering his hands in the air.

"F-four for Lost Boys, please," Bill requested at the front, suppressing a proud smile at how smoothly the words had come out. His stutter had been a persistent vexation for most of Bill's childhood, but lately he'd found it somewhat easier to wrap his mouth around the vowels and consonants. Lucky he was for that, too, because as a younger kid he'd received more empathy, but he feared that junior high come, the older kids would be a bit less forgiving. He'd already been dubbed "stuttering Bill" last year, and he hoped it wasn't a label that stuck.

"Four dollars," the girl's voice came from behind the booth, a teenager with a summer job, followed by a loud, wet chewing of bubblegum.

Bill already had his own dollar in hand, and the other boys reached over to dump their money into his palm. Richie reached awkwardly over Bill's shoulder, dumping a large assortment of nickels and pennies into Bill's hand. He looked up at the teenage girl whose life he'd just made harder, who was regarding the assortment of loose change with disdain. Bill dumped the money on the smooth countertop and the girl's hand slid out from under the clear plastic to collect it, sweeping the cash into the register without bothering to count it, and returning four tickets.

Richie grinned as they entered the lobby, holding his ticket high and regarding it like a trophy. He nudged Eddie in the ribs. "I only paid 75 cets for this. Wanna know why?" Richie reached into his pocket with the other hand and pulled out a quarter, which the girl working the front booth probably would have been much more happy to see. "Eds, it's long past time you had your first peanut M&M."

"Hey, wait," Eddie protested, "I'm allergic to--"

"No you're not," Richie cut him off.

“What?”

“Have you ever eaten a peanut?”

“Well--no.”

“Exactly.” Richie laid the quarter on the countertop of the concessions stand, requesting “your finest bag of peanut M&Ms, please.” He opened it as soon as he received it. “Plus, they just brought back the red M&Ms. It wasn’t the same without ‘em,” he said wistfully.

“No, I heard about that. The red dye they used gives you cancer,” Eddie said.

Richie just scoffed, peering into the little yellow bag and fishing out a red M&M. “Open up,” he said, squinting and holding up the candy to toss it into Eddie’s mouth.

“No,” Eddie refused, snatching the M&M and popping it into his mouth. Richie’s eyebrows shot up in a way that couldn’t help but make Eddie laugh.

“Wow, you actually did it,” Richie sounded impressed.

“Whatever. If I go into anaphylactic shock, that’s on you, asshole.”

They entered the dark theater, Bill holding a large soda which Stanley would routinely steal to take a sip from. They settled in Richie’s favorite spot, in the middle of the row, far back but with a few rows to spare behind them. It was the best place, Richie said, because it was the loudest in this row, and he liked being far enough back that he had a good view of the whole theater, but now so far back it ruined the immersion. No one could think of a better reason to sit elsewhere, so they trusted the expert. They filed in, Stan next to Bill next to Richie next to Eddie. “Richie,” Eddie elbowed him as they sat down, “give me another M&M.”

The boys fell into a relative silence as the movie played out on the big screen. It was the only time you could be around Richie without him butting in to talk every few seconds, and even then, he’d usually lean over to loudly whisper jokes and commentary and snicker to

himself when he was shushed. But no one was really upset when he cheered in the theater as the movie reached its climactic ending, whooping and hollering with the occasional laugh as the credits started to roll.

“I think that was my favorite movie of the whole summer,” Richie proclaimed as they left the theater, discarding a paper cup and empty bag of peanut M&Ms in the garbage.

“Th-there’s still a whole m-m-m-month of summer left, Richie,” Bill reminded him.

“I don’t think anything could beat that,” he said, and it was the same thing he’d said about the last movie they’d seen, but he was pretty certain about it this time.

It was surprising to find it was still light out when they left the movie theater, but a quick glance at the clock would confirm that it wasn’t even yet two in the afternoon. It was even hotter than it had been a couple hours ago, and though Richie had teased Eddie for his ridiculously short short-shorts (by cracking up exaggeratedly when he’d first seen Eddie wearing them, and after being frustratedly asked “what’s so damn funny!?” several times had chanted the annoying jingle, “if you dare wear short shorts, wear nair short shorts!”) he was beginning to sweat under his collar. He leaned against the white brick wall while his friends began discussing ice cream in a far-off conversation, which in the distance between them and Richie had been bogged down and shushed by the oppressive summer heat. His head lulled lazily to one side, where a promotional poster for Lost Boys was peeling off the hot brick, curling at the edges as if it was wet, almost as if it, too, was sweating under the sun. Richie reached out to pick at it and found that it gave way easily, peeling off the wall almost like it was eager to get off the hot brick. Whatever adhesive had been used was probably melted.

“Who dares me to steal this poster?” Richie asked loudly, tugging at the paper to demonstrate its willingness to come with him when the other three turned around.

“Not me,” Stan said.

Bill shook his head in agreement with Stan. "What would you d-do with it an-an-anyway, Rich?"

Richie shrugged. "I don't know. It'd look cool next to my stereo. And it's just gonna get all sun-bleached out here anyway."

"Do it," Eddie said, and although it wasn't a majority rules, that was the only vote that Richie took into account. "If you really liked the movie that much. Did you like it that much?"

"I liked it thaaat much," Richie spread his arms wide to demonstrate his appreciation of the film. He and Eddie exchanged a look.

In the next moment, Richie had torn down the poster and broken into a sprint back to the alley, the rapid, thumping footfall of his friends quickly joining him. He imagined they looked something like a bunch of rabbits fleeing, startled by a loud sound somewhere in the grass. The wind that hit his face as he sprinted cooled his sweat and made him feel invincible, untouchable even by the heavy, hot atmosphere. His legs moved so fast he felt he may trip and tumble at any moment, and the fact that he didn't gave him enough of a rush to move even faster.

Richie hastily rolled the poster and tucked it into the hem of his shorts as he mounted his bike, crying "go, go, go!" and pushing on the pedals with every ounce of might he had. The four of them sped off, fleeing like demons from hell, as if anyone noticed or cared about a missing poster out in front of the Aladdin.